THE DAILY STAR

Heimgang.

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell·
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying,
And the hymns that Luther sung:
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's Acre,"
"Heimgang!" Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" We are going home.

MANITOBA.

Viewed As a Promising Field For British Emigrants.

A correspondent writes to the London Times of June 9th: "Mr. James Caire, in a recent letter on agricultural prospects, writes in commendatory terms of Manitoba, another 'fertile belt' of Northwestern Canada, as a promising field for British emigration. He dilates on the extent of this region, its capability for the growth of wheat, and the cheapness of production. These advantages are, however, marred by certain conditions which intending emigrants would do well seriously to consider. The winter is long and severe; the thermometer frequently falls to 40°.

"Some Belfast and Hertfordshire agricultural friends who sailed from England in March, and went to Manitoba to prospect and, if satisfied, to settle, write that so recently as April 18th they crossed the Red River on the ice; that throughout Manitoba plowing and wheat planting was then impossible on account of the frost; no grass was available for live stock, which were still expensively confined to the yards. Even the sheep have to be housed from November until April. These conditions heavily handicap the farmer in Manitoba competing with his brethren in less winterly regions.

"The railway and water communication throughout these great Northwestern Provinces is still very insufficient, and many years must elapse before the country can be thoroughly opened up with sufficient railway communication. Even in the settled portions of the Red River and the Assiniboine, the expenses of transport are heavy, add enormously to the cost of all that is imported, and reduce the profits on the farm produce sold. Last autumn, in Manitoba and the Red River settlements, I repeatedly met teams laboriously dragging wheat fifty miles to the nearest market or railroad depot, and even when delivered at such points the price is much lower than where there is active railway competition. This is illustrated by the prices quoted in an American market paper for the bushel of wheat at various points on the 1st of January: At Emerson and Portage la Parle, in Manitoba, 70 cents: at Winnipeg, 83 cents; Duluth, on Lake Superior, $1 18; St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, $1 21; Chicago, $1 31; New York, $1 56.

"But farmers, whether in England or in the northwestern Provinces of Canada, can not wisely depend upon wheat alone. Untoward seasons produce poor crops; a generally bountiful yield entails unremunerative prices, which wheat-growers are likely soon to experience. The United States produced in 1878 52,000,000 quarters of wheat; last year she had 56,000,000 quarters; this next harvest, over the greatly extended area, is likely to produce 62,000,000 quarters, and of this great bulk she can spare for exportation more than one-third. With tolerable crops throughout all Europe and other parts of the world, wheat must obviously be abundant, and probably cheaper than it was in 1850, 1851 and 1852, or again in 1864, in which year it fell below 40s a quarter.

"Such a low range of value must seriously affect farmers in Manitoba and other regions where wheat is the staple production. Alike abroad and at home agriculturists must fortify themselves with diversity of resources, must fix their location near good accessible markets, and in America and the colonies must make settlement where there is good prospects of a steady appreciation in the value of land.

"After spending several weeks at Winnipeg and making excursions in various directions into the country, my correspondents traveled south, investigated the resources of various districts, and estimating present farming profits and prospective advances in the value of property, have brought several sections of land in southwestern Minnesota, within five miles of a railroad, at $6 an acre."

Literary Workmanship.

[London Globe.]

Cobbett's advice "to know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that occur to you," is sound; and Miss Martineau, in her copious autobiography, tells us that early in her career she gave up the practice of copying anything she wrote. "For," she goes on to say, "I perceive that great mischief arises from the notion that botching in the second place will compensate for carelessness in the first." "It seemed to me that distinctness and precision must be lost if alterations were made in a different state of mind from that which suggested the first utterance." "I have always made sure of what I meant to say, and then have written it down without care and anxiety, glancing at it again, only to see if any words were omitted or repeated, and not altering a single phrase."

"Ouida," it would appear, is of the same opinion. She writes with great rapidity just when the fit takes her, not even looking at her copy till it comes to her in proof, and even then makes few corrections. Bret Harte, like her, writes only when he feels in the mood, but with most painstaking care, sometimes indicting very quickly, sometimes slowly, and often, after all, remorselessly destroying what he has written. Wilkie Collins produces slowly and revises constantly, inventing his plots as rapidly. He will go over a passage again and again, bestowing equal care on the sound and meaning, and reduces his incidents mercilessly.

Victor Hugo is never interrupted when writing, and will sit completely absorbed for hours, keeping steadily on, while he is in the humor. Miss Braddon writes only for a few hours daily, but devotes her life to acquiring the technical knowledge necessary for so voluminous a writer, and her subject is clearly thought out before pen is put to paper. She writes with her blotting-pad on her knee, comfortably ensconced in the chair she loves, her copy very clear and free from corrections, and has always a good store of skeleton plots on hand. Miss Edgeworth's plan was to write a rough sketch, which she placed before her father, and then wrote and re-wrote it till both were satisfied. Mrs. Opie wrote slowly, but with great mental effort, and invariably read her compositions to friends before committing them to print.

Charlotte Bronte's manuscripts were first written in a small book and then carefully copied, according to the poet Rogers' plan, who advised to write little and seldom, re-reading it from time to time and re-copying often. French writers, as a rule, devote each morning to their labors, and take a holiday the rest of the day, sometimes resuming work in the evening, and many of our English writers have a strong predilection for the midnight oil. Jowett recommends daily labors of short duration; and attention to diet and rules of health have, there is little doubt, a controlling power even over the inspiration of the pen.

Jules Simon, Carlyle, Gladstone, Ruskin, and hosts of others, are early risers and show by practice their belief that the morning hours, in which they are freshest and strongest, both in mind and body, should be devoted to work. But the conditions under which writers can produce their work most largely depend on constitution and personal feeling. While Victor Hugo could not be disturbed, Paul de Cassagnac will send forth sheet after sheet in the midst of the chattering of friends with the same power of mental concentration as Sir Walter Scott, who appears to have written some of the most vivid scenes in his novels, not only in the midst of overburdening anxieties, but amid distracting interruptions.

While Gambetta writes with only a sheet of paper before him, no litter of pamphlets, and no apparent work of reference, Thiers used to sit surrounded by books; and Dumas keeps about him on a writing table, with many pigeonholes, a store of all kinds of tempting paper, deeming nothing so appetizing as fine paper. Sardou sits at a large flat table, as does Carlyle, with a reading easel near at hand; and Wilkie Collins uses the same massive table whence Dickens sent so many of his works into the world. Literary women of the Jellaby class are rare, and literary men no longer think that personal eccentricity must distinguish them from the rest of the world.

The most successful and the busiest writers are of orderly habits, for to succeed in a prolonged course of literary labor requires not only constant hard work, but method. Commonplace books filled with extracts, annotated works carefully perused, codified and indexed for reference; current history understood and studied—these are only part of their stock-in-trade. Nothing is of more value to a literary man than a good memory. Sir George Airey and Carlyle are among the few who possess the enviable power of making what they read their own. The pen of a ready writer is the next best gift, and wonderful feats are recorded of rapid authorship. Harrison Ainsworth is said to have written off the fourth book of "Rockwood" at a sitting, beginning in the morning and writing on and on, carried away by the subject.

The Czar's Intentions.

[London Daily Telegraph.]

It is considered probable at St. Petersburg that the death of the lamented Czarina, will, ere long, be followed by the abdication of the Czar and his retirement into private life. Upon the weary shoulders of this disappointed and perplexed potentate the burden of responsibility attached to his exalted position has for many months past exercised an all but intolerable pressure. Shortly after the attempt made upon his life by Solovieff, the Czar's earnest wish was to resign his scepter to the hands of his natural successor was successfully combated by his near relatives. The terror and anxiety he has experienced since he reluctantly consented to forego that wish are, however, understood to have produced so depressing an effect upon his health and spirit that, under the additional excuse of his recent bereavement, he is about to recur to his temporarily frustrated resolve. His grief for the lost companion of his life and mother of his children would be accepted by his people as a better reason than dread of assassination to incapacitate him from fttention to state affairs. In his retreat at Livadia he enjoyed some peace and safety, though the most elaborate precautions for his safety are taken even there, and it appears extremely improbable that he will again forsake that pleasant abode to return to a capital in which for two years past, he has been subjected to countless annoyances and humiliations. Such are the whispered anticipations of society in the Russian capital.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents.—[Telegram.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH FARMS.

British Agriculturists Advised to Quit Growing Wheat.

[London Times.]

America, as a granary, embraces more than the Union. In three years the railway from Thunder Bay to the Red River may be expected to be in full operation and the Welland Canal to be completed. A few months since one of our correspondents, after dazzling British emigrants and terrifying British farmers with his descriptions of the wheaten principalities and grand duchies which they call farms in Dakota, reviewed also the destinies of Manitoba and foresees that wheat, which may be grown in the Canadian Northwest for 15 shillings a quarter, will not be long in finding its way to markets in which the average price for thirty years has been 52 shillings all but a penny. Wherever the eye looks to the West and Northwest of the American Continent it beholds a sea of golden wheat ripening for the food of hungry Englishmen.

It is a splendid prospect, yet to one class of Englishmen anything but joyous and inspiriting. A Manchester cotton-spinner is not delighted at news that his neighbor has erected a mill able to turn out prints at half his prices, though the wearer of cotton goods will benefit. Farmers can not be blamed for regarding as an unmixed calamity the discovery of a vast wheat mine across the Atlantic which dispenses their own neighborhood from buying its bread of them. The change will not come in a moment. Cheap food does not at once displace dear food any more than the genius of an unknown painter shines out instantly from the walls of a public gallery to critical eyes not previously instructed by the ear.

Of British agriculture the growth of wheat has been hitherto the staple. Not British farmers alone, but the whole nation, might well have its satisfaction at the prospect of an illimitable wheat production in the United States and the Dominion clouded over did the announcement imply at once a temporary stagnation of the British ploughman's labor and the British farmer's capital, and worse still, a permanent annihilation of the worth of British arable soil itself. Dr. Lyon Playfair, in his very interesting article in the June number of Frazer's Magazine, explains that no such terrific consequences are to be feared. "Wheat," remarks Dr. Playfair forcibly, "is not the highest representative of cultivation. It is really the pioneer of agriculture." It is a very proper crop for the peasants of Central Russia, or the Danubian principalities, or the settlers in Dakota and on the Red River to grow.

Regions in which capital is more profuse, as well as population, and in which agriculture might have a higher quality of intelligence also at command, are capable of something more various and more complex. The fact is, as Dr. Playfair shows, that American farmers in the Eastern States have had to face the same difficulties British agriculture is beginning to feel. New York and New England farmers have left off trying to grow wheat against the Northwest. But New York and New England farms are still cultivated at a profit. East American farmers, Dr. Playfair observes, have taken to dairy farming and to raising "all sorts of vegetables, fruits and flowers to meet the demands of the cities." There is nothing in English soil or even climate which incapacitates it for such production. British and Irish dairy farming is still in its infancy.

British and Irish butter is commonly as inferior as Dr. Playfair seems to think it. Pure and skillfully made native butter need, however, dread no competition of "butter from the great prairie lands." Again there are scores of vegetables unknown to English kitchens, not from absence of taste in the consumer, but because they are not to be bought, which English farmers might plant. With British capital and the energy the British farmer displays in Minnesota elicited at home in Essex and Somersetshire, English farming has as example a future before it as farming in New York and New England. Nothing is more certain than that English land will never go begging either for capitalists to own or for farmers to make a livelihood off it.

Edgar Fawcett.

[New York Times.]

Edgar Fawcett, the young poet and novelist, has fallen into the clutches of Jenkins, who has fastened upon him long enough to tear his individuality to pieces and present them to the public. Fawcett is portrayed as of medium height, solidly, though proportionally built, with a rather square head, dark eyes, florid complexion, black hair and mustache, 33 years old, a native of the City, and a graduate of Columbia. He began writing when he was only 8, and from that time until he had reached 14, he produced any number of astonishing tales, the scenes being laid in countries of which he was, as may be inferred, totally ignorant. He has been a very diligent contributor in verse and prose to periodicals for seven or eight years, and has steadily enhanced his reputation.

At the age of twenty-four he published a volume of juvenile poems which, like most youthful publications, attracted and deserved little notice. Two years later he printed "Purple and Fine Linen," which some critics declared grossly immoral, because the author told the truth about certain social wrongs. Then came "Ellen Story," a tale of fashionable sea-side life, and it met with general favor. He has just issued "A Hopeless Case," a comedy of manners, as he calls it, that is much praised. His recent volume of poems, entitled "Fantasy and Passion," contains some excellent work, and has been very carefully and discriminatingly reviewed Fawcett's play, "The False Friend," has drawn very well, despite adverse criticism on the part of divers newspaper critics, and he has finished two or three other dramas, which will soon be acted. One of these is "Arnold and Andre," in blank verse, which Clara Morris admires exceedingly, and in which she wishes to personate the heroine. The most ambitious of Fawcett's novels is "Rutherford," its main action passing in New York society. It has already run through a periodical, and will, it is said, soon be published simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. Jenkins takes pains to inform us that the young author does not write for bread, being in independent circumstances, and that he is so earnest in the pursuit of literature that he hires a fourth-story room in a tenement-house on the East Side, where he may work without interruption. His love of manuscript-making must be an uncontrollable passion.

Americanizing London.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

The opening of the new hotel in Trafalgar Square marks one stage in what is called Americanization in London. Our cousins tell us that we have not succeeded in developing the genuine article; but we have certainly made a good many steps in that direction. Whether the change is or is not an improvement may be settled by those wise persons who have made up their minds as to the true significance of modern progress. It is curious to remark that the alteration in the character of English inns was almost the sole case in which even Macaulay could not preserve his entire complacency when comparing our own time with that of our ancestors. He tries to reconcile himself to the admission of our relative inferiority by the doubtful consideration that good inns mean bad roads.

"It is evident," he says, "that all other circumstances being equal, inns will be best where the means of locomotion are worst." In the seventeenth century a traveler required 12 to 13 meals and five or six nights' lodging between York and London. Now he finishes his journey between breakfast and dinner, and his meals are taken (if the word 'meal' be not dishonored by applying it to such miscellaneous feeding) during the wretched ten minutes for refreshment. The argument will hardly bear investigation as it is stated—"other circumstances" will certainly not be equal when locomotion becomes easier. Improved means of traveling implies an increased number of travelers; it means in this particular case that whole classes which used to be sedentary have become movable, and that those who move, move ten times as often as before. If people make fewer stoppages between London and York, there can be no doubt that the number of people in want of a lodging somewhere has increased at a much greater rate than the total population. If the old road-side inn is deserted, the inns in the great centers have done much more than simply absorb the custom of their predecessors—they have tapped new sources of demand.

Mashed on an Acter.

Since the death of John Brougham any number of gentle incidents in his life have been recalled. One of these is noteworthy. After he had played here some time, says a New York paper, he became a marked favorite on the stage, particularly with women, who were captivated by his handsomeness, his grace, and his vivacity. He received, of course, many letters, flowers, and mementoes of the romantically-silly sort, to which he paid no attention. One of these dreamy adorers signed her own name to her billets, and wrote repeatedly, despite the discouragement of silence. She was very desirous to meet the comedian, beseeching again and again the privilege of an interview. Finally, Brougham named a time and place for their meeting. She came promptly, and proved to be very young, decidedly pretty, and of good social position. She was well educated and clever, too; but her judgment and common sense had been warped by the morbid sentiment that belongs to such an age. Instead of making love to her, he read her a moral lecture; talked to her literally like a father; pointed out the great danger of her conduct, and told her most men would take advantage of her innocence. "It sounds very egotistic," he added, "for me to say it, my child, but all actors are not John Broughams." She was moved to tears and to the deepest gratitude by his kind counsel, declared that he had opened her eyes to her folly, and that she would not be guilty of it again. She kissed his hand at parting, and went away, it is said, completely changed. A year or two after she was married. She invited the comedian, as the story runs, to her wedding, but he did not go. He had been much attracted to her, and he knew enough of human nature to know that under the circumstances prudence, if not safety, consisted in his keeping away. John Brougham was a man of the world, but he was also a man of heart; and, above all, a man of honor.

French Palaces.

[Swiss Times.]

The "Direction des Batiments Civils et des Palaix Nationaux" has lately had the chief places and chateaux formerly occupied by the Crown, valued, and the estimate has been made public. The Palais de Versailles, with its park and dependencies, comes first, being valued at 112,000,000 francs. The Luxembourg, with its immensely valuable art collections, is set down at 60,000,000 francs.

The beautiful Chateau of Fontainebleau is valued at 30,000,000 francs. The Palais de Trianon, the special favorite of Queen Marie Antoinette; is placed at 18,500,000 francs, and the Chateau of Compiegne at 13,000,000 francs. The Palais Royal and the Elysee are each estimated at 10,000,000 francs. The Palais de St. Cloud, even in its present defaced condition, is valued at 4,750,000 francs, and the Chateau of Rambouillet at 2,045,000 francs.

Young Lady Art Student: "Look! There is our drawing master's picture, Rose. What do you think of it?" Cynical party: "Why, it surpasses everything we have seen." Y. L. A. S.: "In what do you think it chiefly excels?" C. P.: "Imbecility. It surely surpasses anything we have looked at in that quality."—[Fun.

THE BAVARIAN PASSION PLAY.

A Description of Joseph Mayer's Acting of the Part of Christ.

[London Times.]

Joseph Mayer portrayed his sacred original with what must have seemed to the greater part of the spectators a wonderful degree of verisimilitude, and, indeed, no one could have seen him hanging on the cross without being fairly amazed at the accuracy with which the traditional likeness in all things had been copied to the very life; but, nevertheless, there was a decided want of some element in his speech and demeanor which a bolder and more intellectual actor would essay to supply. At the second representation Joseph Mayer, if anything, had rather improved in his high part, every action in particular requiring the accompaniment of few or no words being executed with great ease and the proper degree of dignity. The washing of His disciples' feet, His agony in the garden, His meek submission to stripes and insults, His look and attitude before his accusers, the forcible expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple, and His bearing of the cross, as well as His pendent attitude thereon, where all exceedingly well-performed in a way which, while proper to the dignity of the character, could hardly offend the most sensitive religious feeling.

The taking down from the cross, on the other hand, is no inconsiderable triumph of what might almost be called engineering skill, nothing being wanted to invest the scene with vivid realism, though a sense of decided relief is felt, when the central figure, with the flanking malefactors, is safely brought to the ground. The sound of a hammer behind the curtain is all that assists the fancy to realize the nailing to the cross. Probably the only marked instance in which Mayer successfully aims at dramatic effect is when, with a deep and agonized sigh, distinctly audible by all the audience, he drops his head and dies; and then his rigid suspension for about twenty minutes is admitted by all to be a masterpiece of gymnastic art, nor does the stiffness in his limbs relax while he is being wrapped in the costly linen by Joseph of Arimathea, a well-played character, and carried to the sepulchre.